

## Around The Hat

by Doris Valle

I just checked my files and note that the last Around the Hat column I wrote was dated April 7, 1993. Said I to myself, "Aha! A whole year's worth of news up and down the



David Keith  
GUYMON

The memory of Keith Guymon was honored at a service in Blanding on April 11, 1994, conducted by Bishop Gary Eberhard - exactly two months after Keith moved back to Blanding from Lovington, New Mexico. He had spent the past four years in Lovington where he was transferred by Texas-New Mexico Pipeline Company.

He loved his job as district gauger, writing tickets for approximately 200 oil tanks in the "oil patches" of the Permian Basin in Southeastern New Mexico. Recently he was honored for making only one mistake in his three years of gauging. He was First Counselor to President Gallini in the Lovington LDS Branch and contributed a great deal to that small branch's work.

street. So I went up and down the street.

Absolutely nothing has happened - at least nothing that can be printed - since this time last year. I ask, "What's been going on?" My informant answers, "Nuthin... but did you hear about...? Of course, you can't put *that* in the paper."

and Freeda Perkins Guymon. His mother and two small brothers, Leonard and Clark, preceded him in death. He spent his life in Blanding except for a tour of duty with the Marines in Camp Pendleton, Okinawa and the Phillipines, and his work in New Mexico.

Keith drove a truck, mined uranium, trapped cougar and bobcats, hunted deer and explored the vastness of San Juan County.

He was married to Barta Jean Lyman and they were parents of four children: Steven, Stacy, Lisa and Gina. They were divorced. On January 21, 1989 he married Teresa Frost in the St. George Temple.

Keith's loving family included his wife, Teresa Guymon; his children: Steven Guymon of St. George, Stacy (Tyler) Wojcik of Blanding, Lisa (Jaycen) Tate and daughter Danika of Provo, Gina Guymon of Provo; stepchildren: Paula Tippetts of Blanding, Rose, Monica and Travis Tippetts of Highland, Utah; Tonia (David) Webb and son Dallin of Salt Lake City, Tamara (Kurt) Pulham and son Michael of Orem; his father David L. Guymon of Blanding; siblings: VerDonne (Calvin) Blake of Blanding, Ron (Merrilyn) Guymon of St. George, Beverly (Tom) Vowell of St. George, Elaine (Frank) Rowley of Safford, Arizona; and Lorraine (Dennis) Harvey of West Valley City.

The family is apprecia-

You're right! Joyce wouldn't print it.

There has been some swinging of hammers and saws and nails.

5/037/081  
LIME RIDGE QUARRY

Mark's mustache has reached proportions comparable to those of the local prize winners - Howard Valle who used to live here and Bob Boot at the Turquoise Cafe in Bluff. Mark, your next step is to let the very ends at each side grow a half inch longer. Buy a little tube of mustache wax. Keep the ends stiff. Then you can go around curling them with your finger as in, "Aha, me proud beauty!"

Across the river at the uranium remedial site the job has progressed to hauling stuff for the cover-up stage. It should really be fun getting across the highway in Mexican Hat this summer if the projected traffic pattern materializes - 220 trucks per day hauling lime from behind the Sugar Loaf on Lime Ridge, and bentonite from Price. Come to think of it, Bluff and Blanding will have an interesting season, too.

I'm considering a tent on Cedar Mesa as a place to lay my head as darkness falls each night. My current procedure is to drive up and back daily but trucks in town and river runners everywhere and group tours in rented cars on Moki Dugway are going to make commuting hazardous to my health. And I can be cross and impatient without encouragement.

Think what I'll be like when I have to cope with all that traffic. Or don't think about it because the potential is rather drastic.

stairs one foot at a time groan when I put weight my right foot. Last week decided to drive on a w/cutter's road en route to Cedar Mesa rim over Valley of the Gods. My has a low clearance and could see I was in trouble when the ruts suddenly came about a foot deep. was, however, at a point no return because I certainly couldn't turn around.

I tried driving on slant and slipped sideways with visions of flipping the way over. When I finally got through the worst part, I continued on an impassable road hoping to intersect with another that would take me back to the highway. I drove very carefully through a rocky crevice. It wasn't very nice that rock to cut a hole in the side of my tire.

After I'd gotten stuck in the sand a couple of times and realized that a flat tire wasn't making my trip any easier, I decided to abandon ship. I carefully saved the location on my GPS. I checked one of the compasses I wear on a leather thong around my neck and headed west to the highway. A nice man stopped where I waved my thumb around and delivered me to a store in Mexican Hat.

In the process of scaring myself half to death at leaping from gas to bra-

**TRAILS**  
General

**FRIDAY IS**

Buy first slice at  
price & get second  
at 1/2 price

**Trailside**

MHS Mus